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TAFFER

& BYSTANDER



FEB. 6, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS

Miss VALERIE
MCNAIR SCOTT

A man— his hobby—and a very personal cigarette...

An actor for 47 years, and for most of them a star—that's Ernest Thesiger. If you've been lucky enough to see one of his many plays or films, you'll have admired the originality which he brings to every part he plays.

Ernest Thesiger is a painter too, yet he finds time to add to his many collections; loveliest of all, perhaps, the vases, jugs, goblets and candlesticks in silver glass lustre which glow with colour in his London flat.

Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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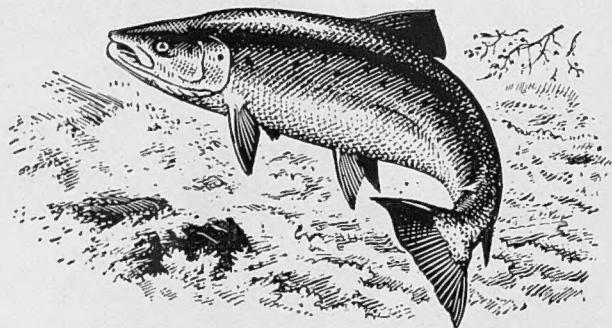
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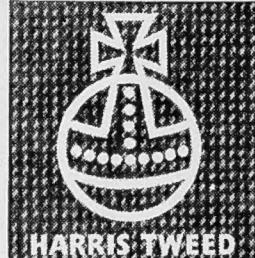
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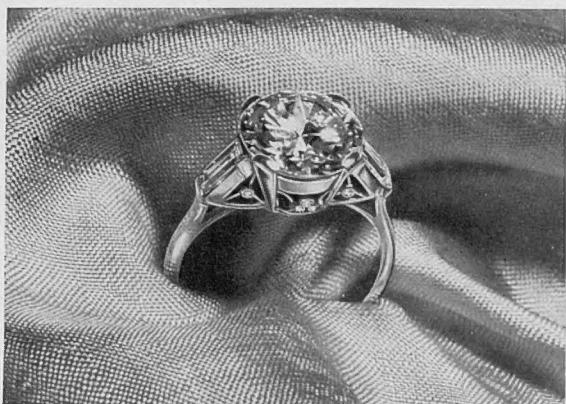
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February 4th Illustrated, 21/-

MICHAEL  JOSEPH



DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 6 to February 13

Feb. 6 (Wed.) Fifth Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

New Zealand Day.

Association Football: F.A. Amateur XI v. U.A.U.

Racing at Haydock Park.

Feb. 7 (Thur.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend a meeting of the Royal Society at Burlington House.

Winter Sports: Curzon Cup on Cresta Run, St. Moritz (two days).

Curling: British Open Championship (to 15th), Falkirk, Stirlingshire.

Racing at Haydock Park and Wincanton.

Feb. 8 (Fri.) Cruft's Dog Show (two days), Olympia, London.

Squash Rackets: Ireland v. England at Dublin.

Rose Ball at Monte Carlo.

Racing at Hurst Park.

Feb. 9 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Ireland v. England at Dublin.

Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force at Twickenham.

Squash Rackets: England v. India at Dublin.

Winter Sports: World's Bob Championships at St. Moritz (two days).

Racing at Hurst Park, Taunton and Wetherby.

Feb. 10 (Sun.)

Feb. 11 (Mon.) Shorthorn Bull Show (to 13th), Perth.

The Navy League presents the Sea Cadet Corps National Boxing Championships at the Royal Albert Hall.

Racing at Warwick.

Feb. 12 (Tues.) Exhibition of National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers (open to public from 13th to March 3, provisional date), R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

Scottish Dairy Show (to 15th), Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

Cheltenham Epicurean Festival (to 14th), Cheltenham, Glos.



Feb. 13 (Wed.) Coursing: Waterloo Cup (to 15th), Altcar, Lancashire.

The Opera Ball, in aid of the English Opera Group, at the Dorchester Hotel.

Racing at Newbury.

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Martin Douglas says

the quickness of the head deceives the not so fashion-wise. You, on the other hand, as one who sets the style are always a short head in front of fashion. And talking of short heads reminds us to remind you that hair is shorter now. Still straight and soft but shorter.

Incidentally, the London address of Martin Douglas is 30 Davies Street, W. 1, on Mayfair 8776/7 and the address in Leeds is Headrow House, The Headrow. The telephone number is Leeds 33322.

It need not be expensive to plan

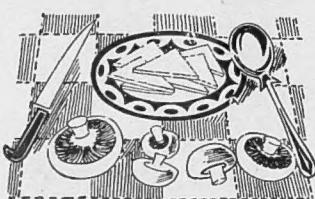
A Continental Evening*

says Jenella Fogarty



If you are expecting four or five guests to dinner, and are not quite sure of their tastes, why not take a tip from Lady Fogarty. Plan a Continental Evening. Soup followed by Roulade Nest for the main course with, say, a bottle of wine to create a Continental atmosphere. Such an evening need not strain the housekeeping budget. With Maggi to take care of that difficult first course and help with the others, the Continent comes to your kitchen for no more than a few shillings.

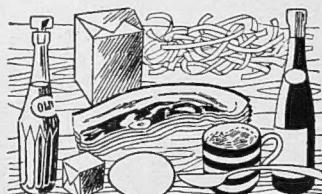
THAT CONTINENTAL 'LIFT'
Soup makes a wonderfully piquant start to any meal, but when the main course is Roulade Nest, what can introduce it better than Maggi Mushroom! Like all Maggi Soups it is made from an exclusive Continental recipe. That is why Maggi Soups are one of the best kept secrets of many famous chefs throughout Europe; why you can't compete with Maggi.



TEN EXCITING FAVOURITES

Maggi Soup can be bought in ten wonderful varieties. Each one is different, deliciously different, from any other soup you have ever tasted and will thrill even the most jaded

palate. Another thing about Maggi Soups — they are simple to prepare.



For six ample servings, you just add the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water (a dash of white wine makes it even more delicious if you have some to spare) bring to the boil and simmer for some minutes. Voilà — all the natural goodness and flavour that ordinarily comes from six to seven hours' slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how! What could be easier for the hostess who is making a three or four course meal!

ROULADE NEST

This dish as the main course requires a little extra care in preparation, but

if you follow this recipe, your guests will certainly agree that it was worth the trouble. You will need:—

1 tablesp. olive oil or fat
1 tablesp. cornflour
1 tablesp. tomato purée
1 box Maggi onion soup
½ cube Maggi chicken bouillon
½ lb. noodles
1 egg yolk
Red wine or vinegar to taste
8 rashers bacon
2 teacups minced cooked turkey and sausage (with stuffing)
½ pt. water

Fry cornflour with one heaped teaspoonful of Maggi onion soup powder in oil lightly. Add tomato purée, ½ cube chicken bouillon and ½ pint water. Stir well and keep hot. Mix turkey and rest of Maggi onion soup powder (adding mixed herbs if no stuffing is available), bind with egg yolk and a little water. Form into 8 small rolls the width of the bacon rashers and roll one in each rasher. Tie with cotton or secure with half a cocktail stick. Place in tomato sauce,

cover well and cook 20-30 minutes. Stir in a little red wine or a dessert-spoonful vinegar for extra flavour. In the meanwhile: cook egg noodles for 5 minutes in boiling water, rinse and drain well. Fry until crisp and golden in slightly smoking deep fat. Drain and set on a hot dish. Hollow out the centre, serve the roulade and sauce in the hollow. Garnish with carrot rings and peas.

WINE FOR THE TABLE

A Hock is an excellent choice with Roulade Nest — try a Forster Jesuitengarten or a Liebfraumilch Blue Nun, or a White Chianti served at room temperature — not as cool as the Hocks.

TABLE DECOR

A simple touch that will make your table the perfect setting for good food and lively conversation is to mingle candles or tapers with dark green leaves. Fasten the candles in flower holders, or if you use candle wax, stand them in a ring on a mirror and decorate round them with seasonal foliage.

MAGGI EXTRA SOUPS

Bring the Continent into your kitchen

CAULIFLOWER · MUSHROOM · ONION · NOODLE SOUPMIX (CHICKEN FLAVOURED)
BEEF AND CHICKEN BOUILLON · PEA WITH SMOKED HAM · CONSOMMÉ WITH TURTLE
MEAT · ASPARAGUS · JARDINIÈRE

MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK. Why not write to Dept. M612, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. Attractively illustrated, this book is full of exciting suggestions that make a Continental Evening no problem in England at all. There are Maggi ideas for savouries and garnishes, for main meals, light luncheons, after-theatre and television parties. And a host of invaluable tips on wines and table decoration has also been compiled to give your parties a delightfully authentic note, to make them a 'succès fou'.

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Yevonde

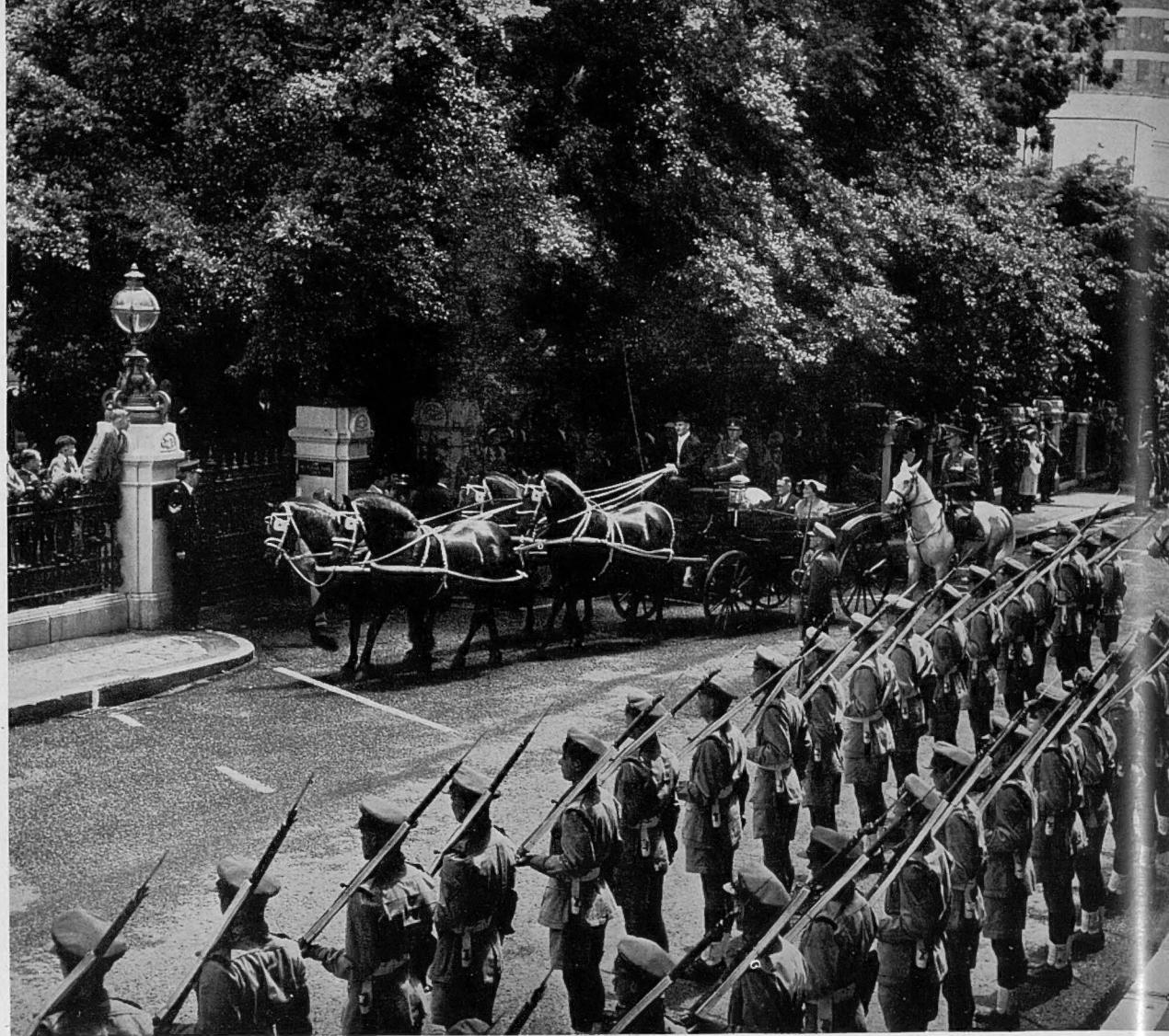
Lady Rosemary on her wedding day

LADY ROSEMARY FRENCH is the daughter of the late Earl of Inchcape and half-sister of the present Earl; her mother, Mrs. Francis P. Tompkins, is the eldest daughter of H.H. the Rajah (Sir Charles Vyner Brooke) of Sarawak,

G.C.M.G. She was married in January to Sub. Lieut. Francis Martin French, R.N., son of the late Mr. Francis Holroyd French and of Mrs. Henry Morland, at St. George's, Hanover Square; the reception was held at Hanover Terrace, N.W.1

PROCESSION OF STATE

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of South Africa and Mrs. E. G. Jansen are seen driving in splendour up Parliament Street, Cape Town. The occasion was the opening of the fifth session of the Eleventh Parliament in the Union of S. Africa, described here



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SCENE

CAPE TOWN.—The best rest cure I have had for very many months was my flight out from London to Johannesburg on one of B.O.A.C.'s Majestic services in a Super Constellation.

Boarding the plane at London Airport, feeling really extremely tired, I settled down to the long journey rather wondering how I should face up to a round of social activities and unfamiliar faces at the other end of the journey, not to mention the sudden change of temperature, which I heard was then above eighty degrees in Johannesburg.

After breakfast, which was served directly we took off, and during which one had time to read the morning papers, I found that my seat pivoted right back and a comfortably upholstered leg rest came out to form a "slumberette." Closing my eyes, I slept peacefully until the stewardess asked everyone to fasten their safety belts on landing at Rome, when, feeling much refreshed, I went with my fellow passengers to lunch in the airport restaurant.

WE then took off again for the longest stage, to Khartoum, landing around midnight. I was comfortably tucked up and fast asleep in my slumberette soon after dinner, and slept right through to breakfast which was served just before we landed at Nairobi next morning. Here we just missed seeing one of the new B.O.A.C. Britannias returning from a goodwill flight—they come into service on the route this month.

Our next stop was at Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, and then on to Johannesburg, where we touched down just before 4 p.m. local time, a little ahead of schedule, after one of the most comfortable and restful journeys imaginable, with superb service throughout.

I was spending the night in Johannesburg in transit to Cape Town, and from the airport motored with friends who had met me to their home in a residential district on the northern outskirts of the city. Here, after a refreshing bath, I was taken to visit several friends, the

first being Mrs. James Fraser at the Court House, a true Georgian style house, which has a very lovely garden and a fine swimming pool.

Last year Mrs. Fraser lost her husband, the late Mr. James Fraser, who died suddenly from a thrombosis. His cousin, Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., who came out from England when the Parliamentary recess started and had been visiting the family business, which extends over a large part of the Union, was staying here with Lady Fraser. They were leaving for home by air a few days later as Sir Ian had to be back for Parliamentary duties.

HERE I also met Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ferguson. He was formerly chairman of the Stock Exchange in Johannesburg and is still a very live personality in the world of finance. From here we went on to Three Ways, another attractive home, this one built in the old Dutch style, with a heavenly view right over the blue mountains around Johannesburg.

Our charming hostess, Mrs. Erroll Hay, showed us her exquisite garden which was a blaze of colour. It was interesting to see flowers which are garden favourites at home, such as Michaelmas daisies, zinnias and dahlias, growing side by side with Canna lilies, hibiscus and tropical plants, with a hedge of bougainvilleas behind them.

Among recent visitors staying here with Mrs. Hay was Lady Grimston, whose son Michael is engaged to Mrs. Hay's niece, Miss Julia Albu, one of Sir George Albu's attractive daughters. Their wedding was planned for this week in Johannesburg.

Later we called on Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wilson at their home, The Paddocks. Our host, who is vice-chairman of the Stock Exchange here and Master of the Rand Hunt, was off on a business trip to England the following day. Their elder son, Robin, who was captain of Oxford's Polo team last year, was at home that evening with his parents, and they had their niece, Miss Caroline Wilson, who was one of the most attractive débutantes of 1955, staying with them. We also made a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Charles, who have another lovely home

here, and then I had a most delicious dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Garth Trace, who have a charming apartment in one of the newly erected blocks of flats with a delightful garden. These are becoming increasingly popular round here.

Next morning I took off early for Cape Town where I arrived at midday, right on time, after a most interesting flight over the Kimberley mines and the picturesque mountains around the Cape. Here I stayed at the Mount Nelson Hotel, which was a centre of great activity with a number of visitors arriving for the big social week of the year, including politicians and their wives for the opening of Parliament and many racing enthusiasts for "The Met."

Although I had the noisiest bedroom I have ever experienced, with the kitchen service and dust-bins underneath, starting at 6 a.m. and finishing around midnight, it was otherwise quite comfortable, with a pleasant and willing staff. The great personality of the hotel is the very efficient hall porter, Louis, who takes care of everybody's wants, and happily does not know the meaning of the word "can't."

THE following day I was very fortunate in being given a ticket to watch the opening of the Fifth Session of the Eleventh Parliament in the Union of South Africa. It was a most impressive scene. The Senate Chamber is light and spacious with cream-coloured walls and light panelling. Crimson curtains hang at the long windows all down one side and the same colour is used for the carpet and the upholstery of the benches and chairs on each side of the chamber. The Prime Minister, Mr. Strijdom, the Lord Chief Justice, the Hon. C. R. Swart, the new Leader of the Opposition, Sir de Villiers Graaf, the deputy leader of the United Party Mr. Harry Lawrence, other Members of Parliament and of the Senate packed in on the benches.

The wives of Cabinet Ministers, of members of the Diplomatic Corps and of other important personalities took their seats in order of precedence on the four rows of chairs down the centre facing the Throne. It was quite a fashion parade as everyone was wearing light silk dresses or silk suits, and the gayest collection of hats I have ever seen.

There was a gallery with five bays along one side, and tiers of seats at the opposite ends to the Throne. These latter were reserved for the wives of Members of Parliament, while high officials filled the bays, the last of which is the Governor-General's bay. His guests watching the proceedings from here this year included Princess Labia, Lt.-Gen. Sir Clarence and Lady Bird, Mrs. J. S. Dutoit and Mrs. D. S. Preller, sister of the former Premier, Dr. Malan, looking very nice in navy

blue and white; her husband was in attendance on H.E. the Governor-General and walked in the procession.

The Governor-General, the Hon. Ernest George Jansen, wearing a morning coat, accompanied by Mrs. Jansen, who was in sea green chiffon with a large straw hat of the same shade with a fluted brim, drove from Government House in an open carriage drawn by four horses, through streets lined with South African troops, to the Houses of Parliament. Here a procession was formed and, headed by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. D. J. la Cock, proceeded through the long corridor and the Queen's Hall (which like the Royal Gallery at our openings of Parliament, was packed with guests) to the Senate Chamber, where His Excellency took up his position on the Throne, with his personal staff and others in attendance ranged around.

Before he began his speech, which was made in both Afrikaans and English, there was a salute of twenty-one guns. At the close there was another salute and the band outside the building played "God Save The Queen."

Mrs. Jansen sat in the front row of chairs facing the Governor-General and next to her was Mrs. Strijdom, wife of the Prime Minister, very neat in a bluey grey silk suit patterned in white with a little satin hat to match. On the other two seats were Mrs. Fagan, wife of the Lord Chief Justice (who ranks next to the Governor-General), in a cream coloured suit and big yellow straw hat, beside whom sat Mrs. Sauer in black with a black and white hat, and behind them Mrs. Donges, wife of the Minister of the Interior, also in black.

OTHER wives of politicians I noticed sitting on the chairs in the centre included Mrs. Naudé, wife of the Minister of Finance, Mrs. Harry Lawrence looking very pretty in a printed white tie silk dress and large black tulle hat—her husband is deputy leader of the Opposition—and Mrs. Schoeman, wife of the Minister of Transport, who I was told is one of the most able Ministers in the House. She was in a dress and jacket of autumn tinted silk and a white hat swathed with chiffon.

There are several women Members of Parliament, and among these I saw Mrs. Bertha Solomon, the doyen of the ladies in the House, who has worked hard for many years concentrating on the relief of the legal disabilities of women. I noticed also Mrs. Suzman from Johannesburg, who is quite young, very intelligent and an able economist,

[Continued overleaf]



Mrs. Johannes Strijdom, wife of the Prime Minister of South Africa (above) arriving for the opening of the Parliament in Cape Town. Also present at this colourful and interesting ceremony of the South African year were (right) Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Robson, C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the South America and South Atlantic post, who was accompanied by his wife



and who was looking very neat in a black and white printed silk suit and white hat, and Mrs. Van Niekerk in grey with a pink hat and pink gloves. There is only one woman Member of the Senate and that is Mrs. Koster, who was present, wearing a purple hat with a cream silk suit.

After the ceremony we went into the House of Assembly and watched the work of the new session which lasts each year until early June. Members were giving notice of motions they were to raise later. Then we lunched in the Members' dining-room, a fine panelled hall which was originally the first Lower House of the Cape Parliament. On two walls hang portraits of former Prime Ministers, including the late Cecil Rhodes, and at the end of the room is a huge picture of Chief Justice Lord de Villiers standing addressing the National Convention of 1909.

THAT evening I went to a delightful cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawrence on the terrace of their home in the Kenilworth district of Cape Town. Here I met many interesting friends including Admiral Sir Geoffrey and Lady Robson, who I had not seen since the Naval Review at Spithead in Coronation year, when I had spent a most enjoyable day watching the review from his ship. Sir Geoffrey, who is one of the most popular officers in the Senior Service, is now Commander-in-Chief South America and South Atlantic.

Another grand sailor at the party was Admiral Sir Herbert Packer, who since he retired from the Royal Navy a few years ago has with Lady Packer made his home in South Africa. Lady Packer, who is very gay and attractive, is also a brilliant novelist and wrote the best sellers *Pack And Follow* and *Valley Of The Vines*. She has just finished another book, to be published in the autumn.

Mrs. Cynthia Barlow had come over from her lovely place Vergelegen at Somerset West, which is perhaps the most beautiful home in South Africa. The main part of the house is considered one of the oldest in the Union, and the gigantic camphor trees are reputed to be the most venerable in the land. I visited Mrs. Barlow here on my way back from Hermanus two days later and thoroughly enjoyed seeing the beauty of the house, superb library and beautiful garden.

Also at the Harry Lawrences' very good party were Mrs. Betty Johnstone from Durban who was staying with Mrs. Barlow, Lady Burn, widow of Sir Clive Burn, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Meglaughlin, Mr. Ronald Butcher, a very able and amusing Member of Parliament from Durban, Sir Wilfred and Lady Robinson, Mrs. Dalrymple, Col. and Mrs. Stanley Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and Mr. Graham Knight with his very attractive wife who later had a delightful small dinner party at the gay and cool Vineyard restaurant, where the cuisine is excellent and there is a good band to dance to.

HORSE racing in South Africa is of a very high standard. It will make many owners in England envious to hear that the South African Turf Club and the Milnerton Turf Club provided £90,655 in stakes for twelve days' racing during the Cape racing season between January 1 and March 9 of this year! It is not surprising that the best quality horses are attracted to race here.

There are the two racecourses, both within nine miles of the city—The South African Turf Club course, Kenilworth, and the Milnerton Turf Club's course, Ascot. The South African Turf Club ranks as one of the oldest in the British Commonwealth, having been established by the British garrison in 1802. Originally meetings took place at Green Point Common, but in 1882 the move was made to Kenilworth—

a very well laid out course of springy green Kikuyu grass which is watered during the dry season, so the going is always perfect. The stands are extremely well planned and there are spacious soft green lawns and a shady paddock where the horses parade strictly in numbered rotation as they also go down to the post. This rotation is something that could easily be introduced at our own meetings for the comfort of racegoers. Another splendid practice I noticed was that when the horses leave the parade ring they go down a railed walk straight on to the course, without having to push their way through a crowd as they do on so many English courses.

I was racing at Kenilworth the day of the famous Metropolitan Handicap: the value of this race is £10,000 and there were twenty starters. The winner was Mr. and Mrs. R. Engstrom's very useful five-year-old Marion Island, trained by Mr. S. Garrett, one of the leading South African trainers, whose very fine stable, Roamer Lodge at Milnerton Cape, I visited on the afternoon I arrived. His owners include Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Bryant, who have raced successfully out here for some years, and Capt. Gordon Kirkpatrick who owns Nyeri, one of the best two-year-olds in the Union, who on his second outing ran very well on "Met" day over five furlongs in the £1,200 Festival Juvenile Handicap. He was only beaten a short head by the more experienced Tetrina who had already had three outings, including two wins.

I LUNCHED in the very comfortable stewards' luncheon room, with Mr. George Jackson, a steward, and his charming wife, who looked very chic in a cherry pink and white printed silk suit and a big hat of white marabou. Mr. Frank Knight, chairman of the South African Turf Club, and Mrs. Knight had a big party lunching including the United Kingdom High Commissioner and Lady Liesching, the Commander-in-Chief South Atlantic and Lady Robson, who looked cool and chic in a navy blue and white print, the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, Gen. Sir Francis de Guingand chairman of the executive of the Jockey Club of South Africa, Mr. Jack Stubbs the charming and go-ahead chairman of the Milnerton Turf Club and a leading owner in South Africa, with Mrs. Stubbs, and Mr. J. T. Forbes, chairman of the Johannesburg Turf Club.

Others I saw watching the racing at this very comfortable meeting bathed in sunshine, with the women all wearing the prettiest summer dresses, included Sir Wilfred Robinson and his wife, who looked enchanting wearing a replica of a gondolier's straw hat, with a well-cut frock, Lady Burn who came with Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick and was quietly backing winners, Mr. Warwick Bryant a steward of the head executive of the South African Jockey Club who had two runners, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Fielden who have a charming Dutch farmhouse near Cape Town where they have a big vineyard.

Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Charles, the latter very chic in a brown and white tie silk dress, who came with their hostess Mrs. Maskell, who wore a big black hat with her black polka dot white silk dress. Mrs. Edward Underdown was walking round with Mrs. Theo de Clerk, whose husband is another successful trainer out here. I also met Mrs. Gordon Taylor, whose husband was officiating at the start, Mr. Alec Gemmell and Mr. Wally Pegram, two inveterate racegoers, Mr. Douglas Saunders who has a number of horses in training, Mrs. Aubrey Raphael who has been spending several months in South Africa, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Tom Scott—he is most knowledgeable on racing form in South Africa—Col. J. O'B. Hodnett and Mr. A. Bloomberg, respectively vice-chairman of Kenilworth and Milnerton, the very efficient secretaries of these two courses, Mr.



Racing on Metropolitan Day at Kenilworth Racecourse, Cape Town

Sir Walter Hankinson was with Lady Moore and Lady Hankinson

Lady Liesching in conversation with Mrs. G. F. T. Naude

Mrs. F. Knight, Mrs. W. B. Grinrod and Maj.-Gen. Sir F. de Guingand

H. U. C. Bell and Mr. R. C. Louw, and Lt. Simon Emmet, R.N., who was on his way to Hong Kong to take over his first command.

After racing we went to a very gay cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hayhoe, who have a charming apartment in the Cotswold estate. Here among other guests I met the Swedish Ambassador, Mr. Aminoff.

Others who kindly entertained me in their delightful homes during my stay included Admiral Sir Herbert and Lady Packer, who have an enchanting house, high but sheltered with a wonderful view, Mr. Ronald Butcher, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Caro, Mr. and Mrs. Preller who were in residence in the Cottage at Government House, where the gardens were a blaze of colour, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Saunders in their attractive house right on the sea at Hermanus, which is a really charming small seaside town with wonderful air, where you can spin for a large local yellow fish from the walls of the little harbour, or go out in boats for Cape salmon.

I lunched one day at the Settlers Club, cool and comfortable in the centre of the town, with Miss Lucy Bean, a great personality of Cape Town. She told me that fifty Hungarian refugees were being entertained at the club the following day, on their way to Australia.

Quite the gayest party I went to during my stay was the dinner-dance given by Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick in a private room at the Mount Nelson on my last night. About fifty guests sat around the dance floor at small dinner tables softly lit with pink shaded lights. The décor in the room was most attractive. On the walls were eight Mexican straw hats filled with flowers and trimmed with wide satin and taffeta ribbons with long ends. Each of these was done in a racing colour! Among them were the host's royal blue and primrose, Mr. Tommy Charles's scarlet and white, Mr. Theo de Klerk's light blue and chocolate, and Mr. Alec Gemmell's tangerine and white with tiny black bows tucked in the centre to represent the black stripes. Many racegoers will remember these colours being carried to victory at Aintree when Gregalach won the Grand National.

There were beautiful flower decorations and an excellent small band, and the party really went with a swing from the start. The hostess looked charming in a beaded steel grey satin dress.

Among the guests were Mr. "Den" Stuttaford and his very attractive wife, Col. and Mrs. Stanley Harris, Mrs. Georgina Bendix, whose son Sir Anthony Meyer is at our Embassy in Moscow, David Tomlinson, who was in *The Little Hut*, and his wife, Mrs. Gerald Maskell. Mrs. Joanie Dalrymple, who did the flowers and the décor so cleverly, and Mr. and Mrs. "Abe" Bloomberg. Mr. Bloomberg is a Member of Parliament and a former Mayor of Cape Town, an office he held during the Royal visit of 1947. I also met Mr. Troughton who has big whaling interests out here, with his wife, Mr. Basil Burman, Mr. and Mrs. Dimitri Chronis, the latter looking very attractive in a short satin dress, Major Piet van der Byl, M.P., and his good-looking wife, and many friends whom I have already mentioned at other functions.

I left Cape Town very impressed, on my first visit, by the wonderful climate, the fine city nestling under the Table Mountain, and the freshness and charm of everyone I met, all of whom gave me a wonderful welcome. I am now on my way by air to Johannesburg for four days, about which I will be writing in our issue of February 20, as next week, February 13, is the Débutante Number of The TATLER, with the list of all the dances, cocktail parties and other social dates, also pictures of some of the 1957 débutantes.

* * *

THE Countess of Bessborough and Mrs. John Ward, two of our most elegant and clever hostesses, are joint-chairmen of the London Ball, to be held at the Dorchester on March 26. This is being organized in aid of the Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, a very worth-while cause for the youth of the country. Since 1952, when a Midsummer Festival Ball was organized to raise funds for the Association, there has been an annual ball with which these two joint-chairmen have been connected and which has each year been one of the very best. You will remember in 1953 the very successful Golden Cage Ball, in 1954 Le Bal Masque, in 1955 the Côte d'Azur Ball, and last year for the first time the London Ball, which now comes into the annual diary as one of the big social events not to miss. Tickets may be had from either the Countess of Bessborough or Mrs. John Ward, 30 Devonshire Street, W.1.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, has been very kindly lent by the Duke of Marlborough for the Heythrop Hunt Ball, on Friday, March 8. The Heythrop, which, with one of the three joint-Masters, Mr. Ronnie Wallace, hunting hounds, has consistently shown some of the best sport in the country for the past four years, should this year also have the best hunt ball of the season, because both the Marchioness of Blandford and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, who is one of the joint-Masters, are taking a very active interest, and both know how to give a good party. Tickets for the ball from the Marchioness of Blandford, Lee Place, Charlbury, Oxon, or Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, M.F.H., Swinbrook House, Burford, Oxon.



A RHODESIAN BALL

SALISBURY, Southern Rhodesia, recently held its first debutantes ball. The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William Powlett (above, right), received the guests, and assisting him were Lady William-Powlett (centre) and Mrs. Muriel Rosin, M.P. (left)

Debutantes included the Misses Ann Lane, Jennifer Abrahamson, Tony and Ann Palmer, Patsy Kirkman and Jean Dimmock



Mr. Peter Van der Byl, Mrs. Judy Colman, Mr. Michael Colman, Mrs. Muriel Rosin and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd White

GAY EVENING AT DINGLEY HALL

IN rooms beautifully decorated with flowers grown in the hot-houses, 250 guests attended the Fernie Hunt Ball at Dingley Hall, Market Harborough



Mr. N. Crichton-Stuart, Miss M. Morrison, Mr. J. and Miss M. Macdonald-Buchanan and Mr. P. Bertie



Standing, Mr. John Hawkesworth, Mr. D. V. Fanshawe, the Earl of Gainsborough, Mrs. Bertram Currie and Mrs. Hawkesworth. Seated: the Countess of Gainsborough, Major D. W. Hargreaves, Lady Joan Birkbeck, Capt. Currie, Mrs. Hargreaves, Capt. R. Gillian and Miss L. Drummond Moray



Mrs. Alastair McCrorqudale and Sir George Brook



Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Rowe were taking refreshment



Mrs. Adrian Farquhar dancing with Mr. Peter Harper



Mr. Raymond Salisbury-Jones and Miss Jane Tilney



The Earl of Coventry partnering the Countess

A. V. Swaebe



John Tory and Rosemary Lovelace look at Club photographs



Judy Neame and Anthony Fleetwood-Wilson sitting out



Margaret Stonborough and her brother, Jerome Stonborough

TEENAGE DANCE IN DORSET

THE PORTMAN Pony Club held a most enjoyable ball at Hanford School, near Blandford Forum, which was attended by over two hundred members and associates from many neighbouring Pony Clubs



Diana Mackenzie and Thomas Collins dancing a reel



Desmond Lauder and Mariana Eisenman take the floor



Dancers enjoying themselves in the splendid setting of the Great Hall at Hanford School. The ball went on till midnight



The crisply wonderful ski-slopes to be found on the Hornberg, near Gstaad

SOME MEMORIES OF THE SPRINGTIME OF SKI-ING

SHEENA HILLEARY, whose well-known expertise on skis has long since taken her to the top of the class, describes beginners' pleasures that the most web-footed of us can fully appreciate. The drawings are by Maurice T. O. Bartlett

THE lure of spring ski-ing is an enchantment, and he will seek it again who has once known the delicious sensation of hot sun, clear air and crystallized snow, where even the most amateur skier feels master of the sport.

Gone are the temperamental days of the early season with unpredictable fog, or storms of snow or rain; instead there is the serenity of spring sunshine and the long daylight hours.

Then is the joy of ski-ing truly to be found. The sun creeps up secretly in the early hours, licking the tips of the mountains with a tongue of flame. You open your windows wide and look out at the scene before you. You inhale the cold air, feeling it enter your lungs like quicksilver. The snow sparkles with a million diamonds, tempting you even before breakfast to come and discover its exquisite thrills.

Apart from the gurgling of a stream there is stillness, and the brilliant blue of the sky, cut into by mountains, heralds a perfect day. This is what you have come for and not one moment must be wasted.

You cannot get dressed fast enough. As you struggle into your pullover and tie your bootlaces you are making your plans. You must have a packed lunch, but can that be got ready by the time you have finished breakfast? There is not long before the first train.

HEAVY-BOOTTED you thud downstairs and are met with the fragrance of coffee. Some other members of your party are already at the table. Having ordered your breakfast and a packed lunch, you sink on to a chair and promptly begin working out the day's programme with your next-door neighbour. Then you realize with embarrassment that he is far too expert to ski with you.

You start munching a roll with butter and black cherry jam, glancing at your watch. No one of your ski-ing standard has come down yet. Damn! They will miss the first train. You





scald your mouth swallowing your coffee. Suddenly the hotel begins to shake with the sound of clumping boots. Then into the dining-room bursts one of your ski-ing contemporaries. He is dishevelled and unshaven, his bootlaces are trailing and there is a desperate look on his face as he gasps, "Have I missed the first train?"

Before anyone can reply, he has finished your coffee in one gulp, stuffed a roll into his pocket and fled. Once more the hotel trembles; he is on his way down to the basement for his skis. You rise to join him.

THEN you remember your money, abonnement, comb, handkerchief and wax lying on your dressing-table. You bound upstairs, down the passage into your room, snatch the missing things and rush back along the corridor. You meet several people you had hoped to ski with only just on their way down to breakfast. You hastily call out your plans before thundering down the stairs into the basement.

Grabbing your skis you make for the door. There is no time now to go along the road, you will have to risk being caught running down the railway line. You hurry along panting. Soon you are on the line stumbling towards the station, your breath coming in sobbing gasps, the skis digging into your shoulders. You hear an angry voice shouting "*Verboten Eingang!*" as you career on to the platform and fall into the train among all the other skiers, praying the porter will not detect you and have you fined forty francs.

Before he has time the train moves off with surprising speed on its long climb to the summit. Then you remember your packed lunch still in the hotel.

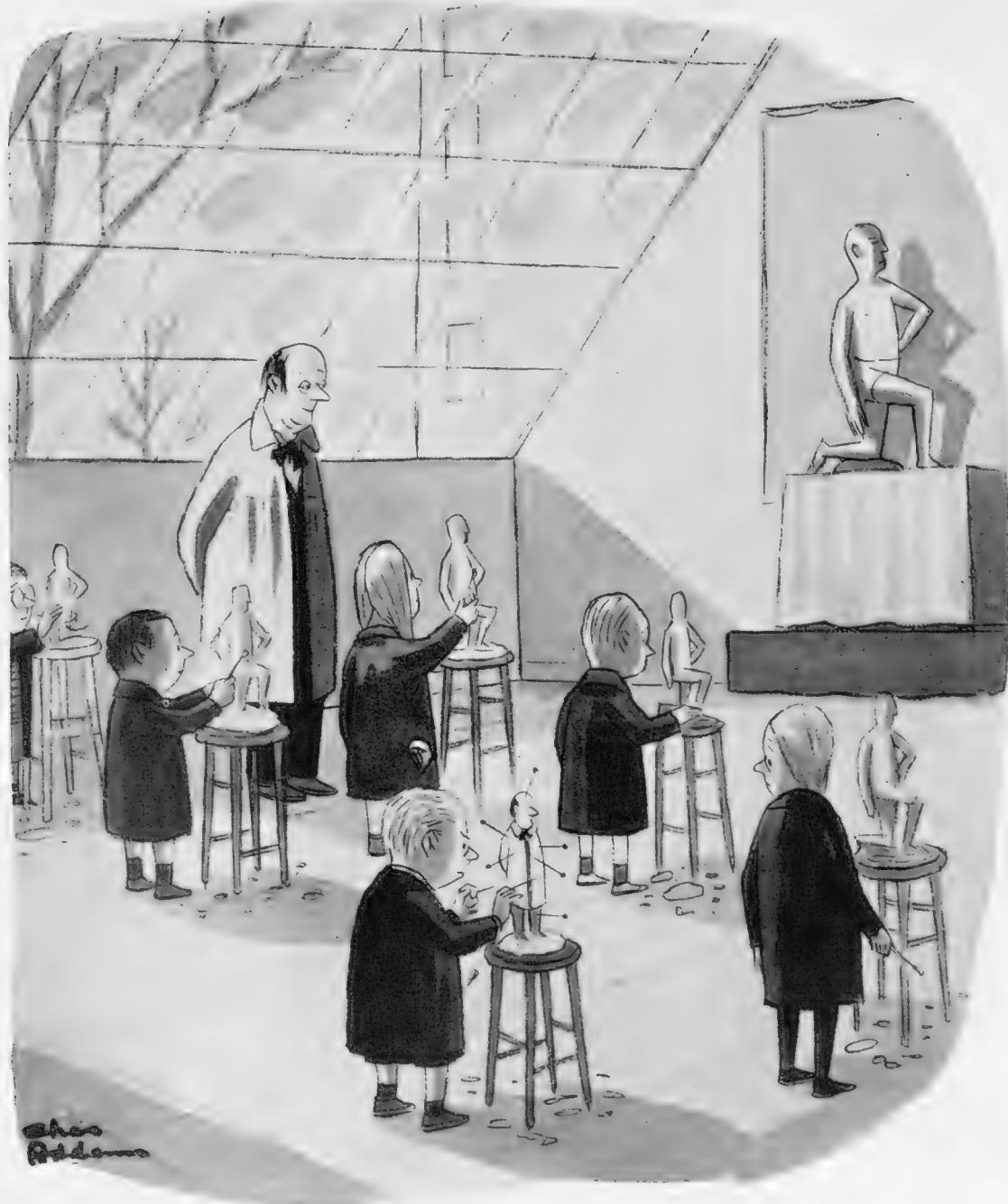
BY the time you reach the top you can hardly wait to get on to your skis. Fumble-fingered you and your companion hasten to fasten your bindings. As you push off the sprite of the mountains takes possession of you, filling you with the desire and inspiration to ski as you never have before. Miraculously you discover the elusive secret of ski-ing; power and rhythm run through you; smooth swings in swishing snow; the sun in your eyes; the wind on your cheeks, and your spirit as the mountains themselves.

Following one another you try it all; on the track, off the track, exploring gulleys and steep faces, into the trees and out again; hard snow spring crystals, a patch of untouched powder, round the rocks and back to the path. You ski from early morning until the slow sun sinks, bathing the world in sleepy twilight.

All the effort of early rising, the panic of nearly missing the train, the risk of being caught on the line and fined was well worth it. You would do it again any time—and probably will!



The Berghaus Wasserngrat of 6,500 ft., near Gstaad



Roundabout

As mysterious to me as the authorship (and, sometimes, the meanings) of what are sometimes called "smoking-room" and sometimes called "Stock Exchange" stories is the natural history of the catch phrases that seem to come sometimes overnight into the conversation of people of similar tastes and manners, however widely separated in space; sink a little in social esteem as they become hackneyed; and eventually disappear.

Did Mr. Terence Rattigan hear, more than twenty years ago, people at parties distinguishing between "funny, peculiar," and "funny, ha ha," or did he invent the particularization especially for *French Without Tears*? (In which play, in 1936, I think I first heard it, though I cannot now be sure.)

What Gallio of World War Two was it who first decided that he couldn't care less? And who was the first to declare that he couldn't agree more? With whom, and what about?

A few weeks ago, I had never—I swear—heard the encouraging injunction "not to worry," expressed in that particular form of words; all of a sudden, I was hearing it everywhere. Who was

the first crazy, mixed-up kid? I am not touching, you will notice, on jargon—the special *argot* of peculiar trades and interests—only upon the commonplaces of social intercourse, as familiar upon the lips of stockbrokers as upon those of ballerinas; as frequent with financiers as with physicians; and exchanged at sherry parties as far apart as Newcastle and Nairobi.

If there are those who still press on regardless, crying "Wacko!" to each other, I no longer, I am happy to say, come across them. The breezy badinage of mess and bar and golf club is not precisely what I muse upon. Nor am I well acquainted with the rapidly changing vocabulary of rocking and rolling youth, though a friend with an ear to the ground (or the dance floor) tells me that whereas it was once the depth of middle-aged dimness and dreariness to be a square, it has now been decided that "oblong" is squarer than square. As another friend observed, it must be social suicide to be a dodecahedron.

A young man I know who is abreast of the fashion in all these

• Cyril Ray

things used to finish his telephone conversations with a "Good-bye, now," curiously inflected—up on the "bye" and down on the "now"—like most other young men of his age and his kind of club and kind of regiment. Now, I notice, it is an equally idiosyncratic "See you." What I really want to know is at what precise moment he made the change, whether it required any conscious effort and what (or who) made him do it. The core of the puzzle is that he doesn't know himself.

See you.

★ ★ ★

THREE will be no end, I suppose, to the stories about Sir Winston Churchill, but it is a fresh one to me that is told in *British Hustings*, a new book on the political history of the period 1924-50, by Arthur H. Booth. The author, who is the Press Association's chief reporter, records that in 1929, when the Labour Party came to office for the second time, the retiring Chancellor of the Exchequer, going out, met his successor, coming in, on the steps of the Treasury. Snowden and Churchill (who liked and admired each other) both grinned, and Churchill, with a beaming smile and a sweeping gesture, proclaimed, "Nothing in the till!"

★ ★ ★

"IT isn't true," a music loving friend once said to me, "that the Italians like music. They only like Italian music."

We were sitting over dinner on the terrace of that tourist's dream of a Neapolitan restaurant, Zia Teresa, on the water's edge. A fiddler was bending over the next table, playing some such deliciously treacly Neapolitan song as "Santa Lucia" to a couple of enraptured Americans; somewhere outside, in the roadway, a group of girls and boys, one of them with an accordion, were singing, "Come Back To Sorrento"; and from a gramophone on one of the launches in the little harbour came a golden tenor voice—Gigli's, perhaps—singing "La Donna è Mobile." I could see what my friend meant; he had a rather puritanical ear.

All the same, whether his observation was true or not, or fair or not; whether the Italians like all music or only their own; it is still a staggering surprise to read that the great Italian opera houses—the Fenice at Venice, the San Carlo at Naples, La Scala at Milan and the Rome Opera, together with half a dozen others—have been operating at a loss, and may have to close down.

The San Carlo and La Scala are as famous and as beautiful as any opera houses in the world; one would have thought that sheer national pride, to say nothing of an eye to the tourist trade, would have kept them going. But an Italian Cabinet decision to cut subsidies from two and a half million pounds sterling to one and a half million, if it is confirmed, would close La Scala by the end

PROCRASTINATION

If Satan found no mischief,
It would not be a crime
To put off pressing duties
And bathe my hands in Time,
To disconnect the telephone
And make my mind a blank—
Shelve ever-present problems
Connected with my bank.
But life is real and earnest . . .
(How sweet to be a drone!)
The day of such postponements
Is one I must postpone!

—Lorna Wood

• • •

of this month, for box office receipts meet no more than half the great theatre's expenditure.

It seems more miraculous than ever that our own Covent Garden is kept going, by a far less musical nation, and with even greater competition from sport, television and the cinema than Italian opera-lovers have to complain about.

The San Carlo I have a special affection for. It was a great Anglo-Italian feat to get it going again, when Italy was still torn by war and the Germans not a hundred miles away from Naples. Many an Englishman who was then soldiering must still think kindly of this beautiful theatre as the place where he first learned to love some opera other than Gilbert and Sullivan. For this alone, the San Carlo can be forgiven for having been the conference hall where, in 1922, Mussolini's first Fascist followers made

themselves drunk enough on words to undertake that fateful march on Rome.

★ ★ ★

Less than ten years ago, the American author of a handsome and authoritative book on the collecting of old glass paperweights wrote, "some day—who knows?—a yellow overlay may turn up to startle collectors," and sure enough, on February 26, Sothebys, in a remarkable sale of only part of the Maurice Lindon collection, includes just such a rarity—the last item in the catalogue, and illustrated there both in black-and-white and in colour.

It will be interesting to see what this remarkably rare and beautiful frivolity will fetch—the highest price I can ever remember for a paperweight was something like £1,300, but that must have been before King Farouk retired both from his profession of monarchy and his hobby of collecting. More than most things, he adored paperweights, and it was always said that his passion for them kept prices up: a bidder would always go the limit for a really beautiful piece if he knew that he could sell it to the King of Egypt next day at a thumping profit.

EXCEPT for the work of Fabergé, half a century later, I don't know of any other kind of objet d'art, produced later than the Regency here, or the Empire in France, that fetches prices so much higher than the original cost. These French paperweights are pretty indeed, but not major works of art, and not even "antiques" in the sense applied at the British Antique Dealers' Fair, say, where 1830 is the qualifying date.

What is more, they are easily copied. I value the pretty contemporary millefiori weight, with my initials in the centre, made for me, like those that commemorate the Coronation, at the Whitefriars factory—but I must confess that I wouldn't have paid £1,300 for it.

BRIGGS



by Graham





Bridesmaids Miss Jennifer Barnard-Hankey,
Miss Belinda Gold and (in front) Miss Charmain Gold

WINTER WEDDING

MISS MERIEL GOLD became the wife of Mr. Peter Spira at St. Michael's, Chester Square. A reception was held afterwards at Claridge's. Right: the bride and bridegroom

Arabella Bailey, daughter of Lady Mary and Mr. A. Bailey, and grandfather, Mr. G. Bailey

Van Hallan



*Mrs. Reggie Duthy and the Hon.
Mrs. Frederick Hennessy*

*Mr. R. Wrathall, Mrs. Stewart
Roberts, Mrs. H. Ashton*



*Mrs. Christopher Oldfield and
Mr. Adrian Bailey*

*Miss Tessa Cannon and Mrs.
Stephen Cannon*





COUTURE FROM IRELAND

LADY ASTOR of Hever lent her house in Carlton House Terrace for a parade of spring fashions designed by Miss Sybil Connolly, held in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association. Above, a navy dress and jacket being shown by a model

Lady George Scott, the Hon. Mrs. N. Berry and the Hon. Mrs. M. Bruce

Miss Connolly, Viscountess Vaughan, the Countess of Ronaldshay
Van Hallan



Mrs. Eustace Allan, Mrs. Alyson Talan and Mr. Eustace Allan



Mrs. Gerard Leigh discusses the show with Lady Irene Astor

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel and Mr. E. Maze





Prince Henri, the bride's brother, and his fiancée, Duchess Marie-Therese of Wurtemberg

A Princess of France weds in a royal chapel

IN the ancient town of Dreux, in Normandy, Princess Helene of France, second daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris, married Belgian Count Evrard de Limburg-Stirum in the royal chapel. The bride's father is the Pretender to the French throne. Left, the bride and bridegroom

Priscilla in Paris

PEOPLE (AND PRESS) GAVE A NOSTALGIC SIGH

I OFTEN pass through the pleasant little market town of Dreux on the borderline of Normandy. With rapture I have seen it in the tender, fruit-blossom time of the year; in the warm, early summer days of June and in the rich, golden hues of autumn. But the other day I quaked as I listened to the north-easterly blast that shook my windows.

A daughter of the royal family of France was wedding her Prince Charming at the *chapelle privée* of Saint Louis that stands in the park above the town, and the cold wind must have been an unwelcome attendant. Mercifully the sun shone bravely and it was comforting to think that the wedding guests in their gorgeous frocks were protected by their equally gorgeous wraps, and that the small bridesmaids and train-bearers were snug in royal blue velvet.

A country wedding is always charming and, whether the bride is in *mousseline de laine* or satin *broché*, the gravity and joy of the occasion are enhanced by Nature's background.

There are so many things about this wedding that delight the

good people of France. The fact that the young couple went straight from their honeymoon to the bridegroom's ranch in Southern Rhodesia seemed as thrilling as a film sequence. There was amusement in knowledge that the bride's brothers, the fourteen-year-old twins Prince Jacques and Prince Michel, showed a schoolboy enjoyment of the *buffet*. A flush of pleasure was also felt that the bride's young sisters, the Princesses Anne and Diane, wore their first real, long-skirted evening frocks for the ball that closed the great day. Anne's was of white tulle while Diane wore cerise organza embroidered to tone and—most grown-up detail of all—both were "off the shoulders"!

"France is a country where there *ought to be* a King and Queen," is a remark one often hears, and the obviously proud headline of a popular paper announcing that: "At the wedding of the Princess Helene of France to the Count Evrard de Limburg-Stirum, one reigning queen, nineteen royal highnesses and forty princes were present" . . . gives point to the remark.

A NEW "cellar" is astonishing some of the troglodytic pleasure seekers of Paris who, on the opening day, seemed rather surprised to find themselves so far below pavement level at five in the afternoon. It must be said, in their excuse, that this cellar has nothing to do with their usual haunts at St. Germain des Prés.

In the part of Paris that was so dear to George Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" there is the narrow, windy rue des Eaux that leads to the Place Charles Dickens and in this square, of which only the great name is British, there was to be found a modest *bistro*, one of the many hundreds of inexpensive eating places that Paris takes as a matter of course, where the food is excellent and the wines are pleasing. One day a certain M. Pignarre was taken there by some friends.

M. Pignarre is the eclectic proprietor of a restaurant on the





Count Albert of Limburg-Stirum, the bridegroom's brother, Princess Anne of France, sister of the bride



Princess Isabelle of France, another of the bride's sisters, and Don Juan of Spain



Prince Michel, Queen Frederika and Princess Sophie of the Hellenes were also guests

first landing of the Eiffel Tower and also of those on the Bateaux Mouche that ply up and down the Seine. He was amused by the quaint publet where the dining-room gave on to a cellar. It stands to reason that if one owns a restaurant situated halfway to the stars and others that glide over the face of the waters one may as well have yet one more on a lower plane.

In due course this was brought about. The new owner ordered certain alterations to be made and then the surprises began! It was found the cellar led to other, hitherto undiscovered, cellars and passages. They burrowed deep under the Chaillot hill, they dated from the fourteenth century and they covered almost a kilometre. The opportunity to make a really magnificent wine cellar, which these underground cellars offered, was too good to be missed.

Naturally, though, in their original condition they would not have done at all. So M. Pignarre summoned his henchmen, made his plans, and put in hand a programme of ambitiousness almost reminiscent of a State undertaking.

THE necessary excavations and restoration have taken three years to accomplish and have cost a sensational number of millions. I think, with awe, of the quantity of meals that must have been eaten to supply those millions.

I think also, with even greater awe, of the 350,000 bottles of great wines that are now stored there in the temperature suitable to such nectar, of the modern lighting that gives colour to the ancient walls and of the amazing pictures—M. Pignarre is a collector—that hang above the bins. The Utrillos, Picassos, and the Vlamincks appear happy in their new quarters but I am not sure about Marie Laurencin's exquisite, noseless nymphs. . . . Perhaps they are glad they have no noses to turn up!

Les neiges d'antan

• *Spoiled Pet, showing her million dollar bracelet to her Dearest Enemy: "Look at what Bill gave me for Christmas!"*

Dearest Enemy: "Lovely! But what a pity it's last year's design!"



The Count of Paris, father of the bride, and the Countess of Limburg-Stirum, the bridegroom's mother

At the Theatre

THE PUZZLING LOVER

Anthony Cookman

Drawings by Glan Williams

WHEN we have done cursing our Shakespearian producers for this or that piece of gratuitous folly, we may as well acknowledge that to the theatrical historian their work as a whole is going to look pretty important. Plays that were written off for years as minor, obscure or unactable are being turned one by one into stage successes. The credit belongs largely to the producers. It is they who do the hard thinking, supply the imaginative energy and take the risk of trusting an idea which may not come off. The latest comedy to be jerked hazardously but firmly on to the assembly line of modern repertory is *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona*, produced at the Old Vic by Mr. Michael Langham.

Scholars have shaken their heads sadly over Shakespeare's first essay at originality. They have carefully observed in it bits of *Twelfth Night*, bits of *Romeo And Juliet*, bits of *The Merchant Of Venice* and bits of several other comedies and the whole of some of the sonnets, but much as they have enjoyed playing this game of recognitions they were frankly unable to see how any present-day audience could

be expected to put up with a romantic hero as unsympathetic —to express it in the mildest way—as Proteus.

CERTAINLY it would be hard to exaggerate the unsuitability of this young man for the leading figure of conventional high romance. He betrays the devoted Julia, he makes dishonourable advances to his best friend's Silvia, and when his advances are indignantly repelled he attempts to force the unprotected girl. Yet he escapes the uplifted hand of poetic justice and comes through a preposterous reconciliation to a happy ending. Judged then in a scholarly way as conventional romance, this piece seems particularly ill suited to the modern stage.

It seems to have occurred to Mr. Langham that scholars are apt to take an elderly view of romance, and re-examining the



Dudley Jones as Speed (left) and Robert Helpmann as Launce with Duff as Crab (centre)

text through the eyes of a man of the theatre he has found it a piece written by a youthful sophisticate of poetic genius for the amusement of other youthful sophisticates of the Elizabethan court. Thus viewed, the comedy ceases to be an awkward attempt at high romance and appears more like a smiling contribution to current courtly debate concerning the rival claims of comrade and mistress. The play assumes that all lovers are deliciously young and so much at the mercy of love's inexplicable and irresistible power that even another's possession of a chaste maid's affections may excite an overwhelming appetite and impel friend to betray friend. It is what is ecstatic in Proteus's infatuations that make him a sympathetic hero.

BUT we are not Elizabethan courtiers and not all of us are deliciously young. How can we be brought to enjoy this play at a remove? Mr. Langham has solved the problem admirably by turning the Renaissance Italy in which Shakespeare set his play into the Italy of early nineteenth-century romance. It is a change of period which helps us to enjoy the ardours of Gothic romance displayed against flower-entwined pillars and to appreciate at the same time their gentle deflation. Mr. Langham's intention is reinforced by Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch's delicately evocative stage design and by the best performance that we have had for some time from the Old Vic company.

Mr. Keith Michell presents Proteus as a Byronic youth so fiercely driven by passion that the caddishness of his behaviour quite escapes his notice. At his moment of repentance a well invented flourish of a pistol gives some colourable pretext for the friend he has betrayed to make his extraordinary offer to resign to the desperate infatuate his own claim on Silvia's affections. Miss Barbara Jefford makes a shiningly sincere figure of the devoted Julia. She tends to forget, however, that Shakespeare was a mature poet even in his dramatic nonage, and the lovely line "Didst thou but know the inly touch of love" and others such go for little. Mr. Richard Gale gives a pleasant account of the ingenuous Valentine. Mr. Robert Helpmann plays the superb clown Launce well, but not quite touchingly enough; and Mr. Dudley Jones gives a good brisk performance as Speed, the word-quibbling clown.



"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (Old Vic). This play, one of the despairs of the Shakespearian scholar, has here been turned into an entertaining and jolly early nineteenth-century romp. Hence the unaccustomed costumes, which give Proteus (Keith Michell, centre) a finely Byronic manner as he confronts the angry, quizzical countenance of the Duke of Milan (Derek Godfrey) whose daughter's affections Proteus has been more than trifling with. Behind him shelters Thurio (Derek Francis), a suitor to daughter Silvia. She, however (Ingrid Hafner), is more than content to dance away with Valentine (Richard Gale)



Angus McBean

“Have some Madeira, m’dear”

AT “The Drop Of A Hat,” Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, it says on the programme at the Fortune Theatre, “will perform.” The sheet does not add, though it might with justice, that they will perform prodigies and present the most civilized evening now available in the West End.

The bearded Mr. Flanders is the host and lyric writer whilst Mr. Swann is the chef and composer. The menu is wit served with a musical sauce unknown to Escoffier. There has been nothing to compare with this since The Two Bobs, and they did not cater for a guinea audience.

Here is an entertainment of the species loosely described as “songs at the piano” which contains all the delights of a party given by Mr. Coward, Miss Lillie, Mr. Rattigan and Miss Grenfell: an evening which gives the satisfactory feeling that one has seen something rather better than a revue.

OF the many quotable numbers, we are privileged to reproduce part of the heartrending “Madeira, M’dear?” but it is essential to savour personally the intimately acid qualities of “Vanessa” and “Design For Living.”

As a digestive there is added Sydney Carter’s incomparable lyric “The Youth Of The Heart,” which is soon to be the basis of a new light opera, together with two splendid songs in modern Greek which prove better in the singing than most double Dutch.

She was young! She was pure! She was new! She was nice!

She was fair! She was sweet seventeen!
He was old! He was vile and no stranger to vice!
He was base! He was bad! He was mean!
He had slyly inveigled her up to his flat
To see his collection of stamps,
And he said as he hastened to put out the cat,
The wine, his cigar and the lamps . . .

“Have some MADEIRA, me dear!
You really have nothing to fear:
I’m not trying to tempt you—it wouldn’t be right—
You shouldn’t drink spirits at this time of night,
Have some MADEIRA, me dear!
It’s very much nicer than BEER;
I don’t care for SHERRY, one cannot drink STOUT
And PORT is a wine I can well do without,
It’s simply a case of ‘Chacun a son GOUT’—
Have some MADEIRA, me dear!”



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
FEBRUARY 6,
1957
242*



*For fifty years this seventy-six year old Venetian has been building
beautiful gondolas. A boat can cost about £600*

*One of the ways in which the 450 licensed
gondoliers pass their winter profitably*

*Faithful to his work this man sells
his perfect models for about £1*



**OUT-OF-SEA
LOOKS TO**



After



Repairing a boat's rudder. The six stripes represent the districts of the Doge's city

St. Mark's Square, with a gondolier doing some running repairs in the foreground

IN VENICE S BOATS

HERE is the Venice the visitor does not see, the Venice that is not a renowned pleasure resort, but a working city, where men, even gondolieri, must toil to live. Boats must be repaired and preserved for the next season, occupations and (see above) means of livelihood thought out to see the winter through



When a gondola has been oiled against worms it is hung up in a dry hangar, as is about to happen here





JACK HAWKINS and Elizabeth Sellars as Mitchell, a test pilot, and his courageous wife Mary, in *The Man In The Sky*

At the Pictures

EALING SHOWS HOW TO MAKE A FLYING FILM

MISS ELIZABETH SELLARS, as the wife of a test pilot—our admirable Mr. Jack Hawkins—in *The Man In The Sky*, considers it grossly unfair that a man engaged in such a nerve-racking job should be afflicted with money troubles. So do I. Aeroplanes scare me rigid, and in my opinion the chaps who regularly risk their lives to perfect the beastly things and make them safe for cowards like me to use should be given danger money, exemption from income-tax, an unlimited personal petrol ration, duty free alcohol and tobacco, and anything else they care to name, in addition to a perfectly enormous salary.

I respectfully submit this suggestion to the appropriate authorities in the hope that, when they have seen Mr. Hawkins's fine performance in this excellent Ealing film, they will do something about it.

TESTING planes for a small, struggling firm of aircraft manufacturers, Mr. Hawkins would like a better house for his wife and two children and a more up-to-date car—but sees no prospect of acquiring either since loyalty to his decent, impecunious employers prevents him from demanding a rise in pay or seeking a better job. Life, as Miss Eartha Kitt sings, could not be drearier—Mr. Hawkins could not be wearier.

His company's last chance of survival depends upon his successfully demonstrating to two prospective buyers the efficiency of a prototype freight plane. During the test flight the port engine of the heavily laden plane bursts into flames: Mr. Hawkins orders the crew and the buyers' representatives to bale out. By putting the machine into a dangerous dive the pilot, now flying alone, is able to extinguish the fire—but because of the unusual stresses to which it has been subjected, the aircraft develops a wing fault which makes it almost impossible to land without crashing.

Mr. Hawkins reports the situation to the anxious watchers in the control tower and is ordered to abandon the plane. With magnificent obstinacy he refuses: he will try to bring her down if it's the last thing he does.

FOR thirty-five agonizing minutes he circles the airfield (using up petrol to reduce the danger of an explosion on touching down)—grimly watching the fire engines and ambulance making their way through the silent crowd of factory workers below him.

An infuriating, well-meaning busybody (Miss Megs Jenkins) among these workers feels that Mr. Hawkins's wife should be told that her husband is probably about to kill himself: accordingly she telephones Miss Sellars. I shall not tell you how this intensely human drama ends but I must say that the final scene—full of emotion and totally devoid of emotionalism—seemed to me as true and as poignant as any I have ever seen. I warmly congratulate the scriptwriter, Mr. William Rose, the director, Mr. Charles Crichton, and, indeed, everybody concerned with this beautifully controlled production.

VISITING Hollywood film stars have for years been telling us that our policemen are wonderful and I, who have scarcely exchanged a couple of words with a copper in all my life, well believed it. I now gather from Mr. John Mills's impressive if hardly endearing performance as a superintendent in *Town On Trial* that our policemen can also be tough, truculent, pig-headed and mixed-up—and are not above using bullying third-degree methods on possibly innocent witnesses; I also note, disapprovingly, that they are apparently capable of indulging their amorous inclinations while on duty. Tch! Tch!

Mr. Mills arrives at a small, smug town somewhere, I should say, in outer-Suburbia, to find out who strangled good-time-girl Molly Stevens (Miss Magda Miller) with a nylon stocking at



A TEST PILOT'S SONS gaze into the sky, not realizing that their father is risking his life trying to land with a damaged wing. The boys are played by Jeremy Bodkin and Gerard Lohan in this fine story of aerial suspense from Balcon-Ealing films

A FISHERGIRL is the heroine of *High Tide At Noon*. She is played by Betta St. John (right) seen on location in Canada. The plot centres round a remote lobster-fishing community

the country club. All the local citizens are apparently highly respectable, but Mr. Mills, who despises and dislikes the lot of them on sight, is convinced that this is merely a front and that one of them is a sex-maniac.

His chief suspects are Mr. Derek Farr, the club secretary who's a bit of a bounder and quite a Lothario, Mr. Charles Coburn, a doctor with a shady past and a pretty niece (Miss Barbara Bates), and Mr. Alex McCowen, a slightly schizoid young student. While Mr. Mills is ruthlessly and uncouthly pursuing his enquiries—with time off for a little tender dalliance with Miss Bates—another murder is committed: the victim is a teenage extrovert (Miss Elizabeth Seal) who, from what I saw of her dancing, simply invited disaster. Now Mr. Mills, the light of battle in his eye, really gets busy.

The film, ably directed for tension by Mr. John Guillermin, nimbles its way slickly through a shoal of red herrings—only to plunge eventually into quite outrageous melodrama, with the murderer, identified at last, and Mr. Mills shinnying up a church steeple for no reason at all.

I AM told that *Battle Hymn* is the true story of Colonel Dean Hess (Mr. Rock Hudson) who found it very difficult to continue his career as a minister after accidentally killing thirty-seven German orphans in World War I. To clear his mind of the horror of this incident, he left his pulpit and rejoined the Air Force to serve on active duty in Korea. Here he was able to organize relief for innumerable small Korean orphans whom he collected about him in intervals between fighting. I am sure this was a very good thing—but I found this long, solemn film ethically baffling. Although I am glad to note that some Hollywood characters do not regard the U.S. Forces as an automatic target for the Vice Squad.

—Elspeth Grant





Clayton Evans

MARGERY SHARP'S penetrating eye for human frailties is tempered in all her novels by wit and kindness. Her latest "The Eye Of Love" appeared last month and has received high praise from the critics

Book Reviews

NOVEL THAT HANDSOMELY REPAYS A LONG WAIT

Elizabeth Bowen



DORA SHACKELL in "Accent On Accessories" (Mills & Boon, 18s. 6d.), from which this drawing is taken, discusses a vital aspect of dress

A SPRINGLIKE excitement in mid-winter should be created by **The Fountain Overflows** (Macmillan, 16s.). For this major novel is by Rebecca West—her return to fiction after twenty-one years. Since *The Thinking Reed*, published in 1936, she has been claimed, as a writer, by the astounding happenings of our "real-life" world, her *Black Lamb And Grey Falcon*, *The Meaning Of Treason* and *A Train Of Powder* have been among the outstanding documentations of recent history. Had she, one began to wonder, deserted fancy for what is still more strange in the realm of fact?

Then came promising rumours to the contrary. Indeed, *The Fountain Overflows* must have been occupying its author for some time, for it is of the length its subject requires. Outwardly, this is a family story, domestic in its humours as in its drama. The period is the early 1900s, the background a southern suburb of London, the centre a poverty-shadowed home. Four of the principal characters are children—one of whom, Rose Aubrey, tells the story (looking back from fifty years later on). Nor are Cordelia, Mary, Rose and Richard the only non-adult dwellers in Lovegrove Place. Their difficult father Piers, their heroic mother Clare, live, too, in a quasi-visionary world in which grown-up conventionalities count for little.

Or count for little until the duns, in numbers, are literally at the door. Often does this happen, and each time it is the fine-strung Mrs. Aubrey who has to cope. Her husband (writer turned journalist by necessity) is as unstable as he is brilliant. Friend after friend, well-wisher after well-wisher has Piers Aubrey first let down and then insulted—one of the most long-

suffering (near the end of his patience) is proprietor of a chain of suburban newspapers: in consequence Piers, fractious as a chained eagle, finds himself editor of the *Lovegrove Gazette*. For the children, reared in a climate of insecurity, the new start and new home are at least a harbour from the restless tossing of a disorganized existence.

Mr. Aubrey comes of Irish landowning stock; his wife has the other worldliness of her Highland forefathers. Yet she it is (as has been already said) who must grapple with reality in its harsher aspects.

Again and again—as when it is found that, to pay a debt, the father has sold up the Edinburgh furniture—solid ground gives way beneath the poor woman's feet, and her children know it. Of Mrs. Aubrey herself, it is to be said that she is something greater than a great artist *manquée*—her career as concert pianist having been cut short, in her girlhood, by a drastic illness, she now has invested her hopes and faith in the musical future of her daughters.

Relentless, intolerant of anything but the best, the mother is the piano teacher of Rose and Mary. The aesthetic tragic-comedy of the family is, however, the eldest, very pretty Cordelia with her specious, *faux bon* playing of the violin. Miss West, as many will recall, excels in portraits of phoniness—Cordelia has about her something of that ill-fated paragon in the short story *The Salt Of The Earth*.

THE Aubrey children, to me, have points in common with those E. Nesbit children, whose adventures diversified my young days—they are of the same epoch, inhabit South London, and adapt themselves with the same nerve to domestic crisis, hardships, and sudden parental absences. They are lords of a universe of make-believe—the Aubrey home is alive with "made-up" animals: dogs, horses. (My love for the works of E. Nesbit is so great that I hope Miss West will not quarrel with this comparison.) And certainly, what happens to the Aubreys is, by any standards, out-of-the-ordinary. Not only are they poor in a wealthy age (to well-bred Edwardians, poverty was among the more unmentionable of the facts of life) but they become involved first with a poltergeist, then with a murder trial.

How was Rose (for all her inherited Highland second sight) to know that her dull schoolfellow Nancy Philips, whose dreary Saturday party she attended, would shortly be a refugee in the Aubrey home, with her mother charged with poisoning her father?

Yet, the excitingness of *The Fountain Overflows* does not depend upon spectacular happenings; it is something generated *within* the story. This long, closely written book contains not a line one could bear to miss. Fundamentally, it is a novel about integrity—whether in mind or will, in the human affections, or in art. Mr. Aubrey, traitor to those who love him, shows a blazing fearlessness in defence of justice; Cordelia's pathetic success-mania shows up, by contrast, the uncompromisingness of the rest of the Aubreys . . .

It seems to me that this book, though so *much* a novel, is enriched by Miss West's experiences in other fields. She has sat in court through historic trials, delved into the pathology of many "cases." Here, back again to fiction, she pictures people who are neither treasonable nor perverted—we may note that, even in so doing, she raises well-nigh political questions of right and wrong.

★ ★ ★

A VOLUME containing two stories, representing extremes of a writer's art, is **The Sacrifice**, by Simenon (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.). "M. Hire's Engagement" shows the great Belgian master at what some might consider his most sordid—here, with unflinching realism, we are given the underworld of a lower-class Paris suburb; though (as so often happens with Simenon) the central figure is somehow noble. Poor little M. Hire, with his schoolgirl complexion, flyblown night-life and guileless day-dreams!

As against that, "Young Cardinaud," set in the sunny Vendée, is a story of love which survives betrayal, and of a quest ended by a forgiving kiss. The young husband's housekeeping in his deserted villa, the final bus journey, the rainstorm and the reunion show Simenon's tenderest touch on life.



Mark Gerson

REBECCA WEST, that brilliant recorder of fact, has turned to fiction with "The Fountain Overflows" (reviewed here). It is a Book Society Choice and her first novel for many years

IN "THURSDAY'S CHILD" (Cassell, 16s.) the fabulous Eartha Kitt (below) tells the story of her rise to fame and fortune from a poverty-stricken childhood in the Deep South





Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

ROMANTIC SWAGGER IN LEAGUE

TODAY fashion has taken a romantic turn that is both charming and feminine. Designers are playing on the cape theme, which can be seen in many variations from the long swashbuckling cloak, to the briefest evening cape. Above is Rima's smooth-fitting, short sleeved sheath dress in beige tweed, worn with a short matching cape. Price 35 gns. from Rocha, Grafton Street. Satin swathed turban by Gina Davies



Michel Molinare

FULL LENGTH, large collared cape (above) by Jaeger, made in camel coloured wool and camel hair, and worn with a matching skirt (not shown). The outfit costs 28½ gns., and will be available at the end of this month: the jersey turban costs 39s. 6d. All obtainable from Jaeger, of Regent Street

WITH COMFORT

A MATCHING COAT and skirt (right and top) by Hanro at Swyzerli in beige and white checked double knitted pure wool fabric; soft and warm, it is perfect for travelling. The coat, slim and loose, is gently tailored, and the skirt has wide flat pleats. 40 gns. at Lillywhites in March





BACK to the Middle Ages (left) with a wimple-style hat in pink and steel blue pure silk, by Gina Davies

A SWASHBUCKLING hat (below, left) on "dustman" lines made of white spotted straw, which is trimmed in black grosgrain

NAMED "My Fair Lady" (below) is a romantic hat, cart-wheel shaped, with soft green tulle draped over pink and trimmed with pretty pink and green roses

PALE pink and blue osprey are skilfully blended in a luscious whirl (opposite page). All these enchanting hats come from Gina Davies' new Spring Collection, outstanding for design and colour

NOVEL HEADLINES



Michel Molinare







Slender elegance . . .

ORIENTAL magic is captured in an evening dress by Roter (left). In clinging white silk chiffon scattered with pink sequin roses, it has a high draped bustline and beaded shoulder straps; its looped drape can be worn sari-style, 29½ gns. at Anne Gerard. Roter's dinner dress in midnight blue crystal jersey has a wide neckline and skilful draping across the bust and shoulders. It is 27 gns. at Anne Gerard and Anthonie Cardiff. Pink beaded cap by Madame Vernier





LUXURIOUSLY feminine, the supple stole of "Autumn Haze" Emba natural brown mutation mink (above) comes from Maxwell Croft. Such a fur enriches either a plainly cut afternoon dress or a shimmering evening gown. Also by Maxwell Croft is a rich and distinctive jacket (right); in beautifully moulded mink dyed Kolinsky; this jacket has wide cocktail sleeves, giving it grace and ease of movement. The hat accompanying it is by Jenny Fischer

... flattering furs



INSIDE

ADAPTABILITY is the keynote of the coats by Burberry's shown on these pages. The full length coat on the left is in proofed poplin gaberdine teamed with tweed; in this photograph the colour combination was of a grey mixture tweed contrasting with a soft petrol blue on the reverse side, but the same coat also comes in many other pretty pastel shades. Cut on classic raglan lines this double-value coat costs 18 gns. The perky beehive hat is by Kangol. Everything on these pages, with the exception of the Kangol hat, comes from Burberry's

BOTH sides of the coin are seen in this three-quarter length reefer jacket, also in proofed poplin gaberdine alternating with tweed. It is cut on plain lines and beautifully finished so that the tweed side is enlivened by gaberdine collar and cuffs and vice versa; price 10 gns. The sporting deerstalker costs £3

OUT AND OUTSIDE IN



John French



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Black suede gloves trimmed with gold beaded bobbles £3 9s. 9d., 6-in. black kid gloves with ball decoration, £3 19s. 6d., gilt bracelet, £11 11s., from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore St.

Soignee accents for the afternoon date

THERE is no truer mark of the well-dressed woman than her arrival for a luncheon, or the slightly less formal tea engagement, wearing distinctive but quietly matching accessories, such as those depicted here—JEAN CLELAND



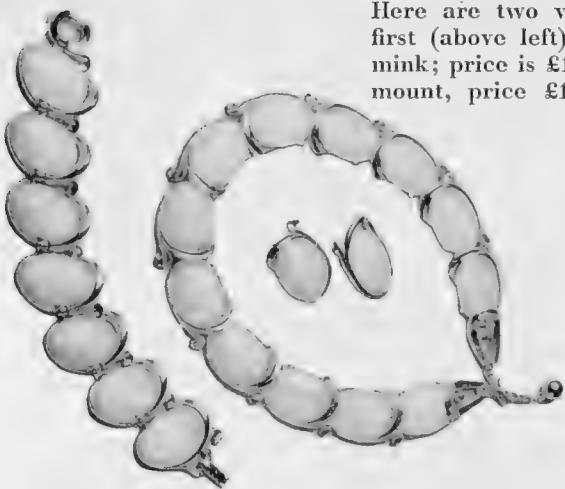
A beautiful rose cut and bugle rhinestone necklace, price £4 12s. 6d., shown off to perfection on a blue gilet front which costs £3 3s. Both from Elizabeth Arden



Pearl shaded crook handle umbrella with tan, black and brown covers, £5 12s. 6d. and a straight handle umbrella with similar covers, £5 8s. 6d., Woollands



Here are two very attractive brown suede bags. The first (above left) of unusual design, goes superbly with mink; price is £16 16s. Right, bag with a simulated shell mount, price £11 11s. From Debenham and Freebody



White and gilt necklace, £6 6s., bracelet £3 9s. 6d., earclips £1 1s., also in brown and gilt. Debenham and Freebody



Stratton lipstick coffret, matching lipstick case and pill box, ivory with gilt and coloured flowers, gilt base, price £1 9s. 11d., from Marshall and Snelgrove



Photographs by Dennis Smith

Beauty

Streamlining

WHEN it comes to preserving a youthful appearance, the line's the thing. Some lose it early on, others manage to keep it throughout the years, even into old age.

How do they do it? In the first place they are probably fortunate enough to start off with good bone structure. The modelling of the face is good—what artists would call well sculptured—the figure lean and lissom, the legs well shaped. That is the good luck part of it, the rest, in most cases, is like genius, "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

You can bet your life that most women who keep firm, young-looking faces and streamlined figures have taken considerable trouble to do it. Thinking of them one is reminded of the saying that "the man who wakes up to find himself famous has not been asleep."

IN these days, with excellent scientific aids available, there is plenty of assistance for firming the tissues and keeping clear outlines, for those who wish to do so. Let us start with the face. As we grow older, the natural tendency is for the muscles to grow slack, and let the face down. In recent years there have been several splendid preparations specially created for preventing this. One of them, made by Yardley, is called "Captive Beauty," of which I make special mention because a small size costing only 7s. 5d. has just been put on the market. "Captive Beauty" has a double action. Used daily on the throat and along the jaw-line, it firms and tautens slackening muscles, and gives the face a very definite "lift." In addition to this, it has an emollient moistening action that keeps tiny wrinkles at bay. Quickly absorbed, it can be worn under the make-up during the day, and also during the night.

As well as the use of a preparation such as "Captive Beauty," the daily routine should include a special "firming" type of deep massage. First, what I call "knuckling" all along the jaw-line. To do this, just close your fists, place them under the chin, and then work along the jaw up to the ears on either side, moving the knuckles and digging them well into the flesh as you do so. This soon puts a stop to lazy muscles and, by thoroughly stimu-



Photo courtesy, Yardley

THE DELICATE muscles of the throat and neck are gently braced and smoothed with Yardley's preparation "Captive Beauty"; the new small size costs 7s. 5d.

lating the circulation, makes one of the best treatments for firming the contours that I know.

The second—and truly excellent—form of special massage is to place the fingers underneath the cheek bones, and, moving outwards, press them in deeply, using a rotary movement meanwhile. When you get to the muscles that are just by the lobes of the ears—you can feel them very clearly by opening and closing your mouth—work the fingers round and round, first to the right and then to the left, about ten times each way.

If you do these two deep massage movements *regularly* for a time, both night and morning, I can assure you that you will be surprised and delighted with the improvement in the lines of your face, and the look of "up-lift" you achieve.

GOOD lines are important not to the bone structure of the face alone. They must follow through from top to toe, which is probably what a man means when he looks at a woman and says that he likes the "cut of her jib." Nautical language this, but very graphic, bringing to mind the graceful lines of yachts, or any other small craft that skim over the seas.

To look soignée, a woman's hair must be sleek with a good line. To achieve this she must have it expertly cut, and then keep it well brushed to give it a shining, polished look. Eyebrows play a prominent part in this question of line. If they are untidy and bushy, they spoil the balance of a face far more than many people seem to think. A clear arch, like a smooth wing, makes for that air of good grooming which springs from subtle details such as these.

Much of a woman's elegance depends on the good lines of the figure. If she wants her clothes to show to the best advantage, she *must* be without rolls and bulges. Streamlines are what she must aim for, and in most cases this means self-denial, diet, daily exercises and, if there is time and money to spare, massage.

As surely as the night follows the day, there will come the moment when she can look in her mirror and say with pride, "It has all been worth it, for 'this is my line.'"

—Jean Cleland





Miss Gillian Mawdsley Kleinwort, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kleinwort, of Heaslands, Haywards Heath, Sussex, and South Audley Street, W.I., is engaged to Mr. Michael Raymond Warren, only son of the late Col. R. Warren, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Warren, of The Hyde, Handcross, Sussex

Vandyk

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Friedman

Miss Sarah Anne Thistleton-Smith, daughter of Rear-Admiral G. Thistleton-Smith, C.B., G.M., and Mrs. Thistleton-Smith, J.P., of Restalls, Steep, Petersfield, is to marry Mr. David Ansleigh Jones, Royal Horse Artillery, second son of Major and Mrs. J. T. Jones, of Mayhill, Southampton Street, Farnborough, Hants



Turners

Miss Mary Turner, only daughter of the late Mr. John Joseph Turner, and of Mrs. Sarah T. Turner, of Kenton Road, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne, is engaged to Mr. Peter Whittingham Birch, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Manley Birch, of Hampstead, London

Bassano



Miss Diana Ebsworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ebsworth, of Great Russell Mansions, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, is engaged to Mr. Kenneth Crawford Lindsay, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney W. C. Lindsay, of Malvern, Worcester Crescent, Woodford Green, Essex



Motoring

FASTER STILL, AND FASTER

Oliver Stewart

WHIO wants a car capable of 170 miles an hour? The answer seems to be: almost everybody. The Jaguar decision to place on the market—at present only on the export market—a new two-seat “sports-racing” car has excited the kind of covetousness that is good for trade. There will be multitudes of buyers for this machine, which is based on the Le Mans Jaguars.

It is called the XK SS Type and it comes near to fulfilling every right-minded motorist’s secret wish: to own a car with racing performance yet with comfortable seats and good weather protection. There is an orthodox windscreens, a folding hood and a luggage grid. But that famous engine will have all the energy while, every bit as important, the brakes will have all the effectiveness of the Le Mans model. The brakes are Dunlop discs. So the acceleration and stopping power will be embodied in a car which could be used for going to the theatre.

It would be advisable to differentiate in the future between the ultimate speed capabilities of a car and the speeds that the purchaser will use. It is likely that many of the owners of the new Jaguar—deliveries to America are to begin this month (February) by the way—will never use or want to use the maximum speed of the car any more than they will be calling upon the full braking effect of the disc brakes. But the modern purchaser likes to drive within a maximum speed and braking envelope. That is the clue to the modern motor car buyer—big margins on either side of the utilized performance.

IT would have offered matter for derisive comment if the Automobile Association, in its new and much enlarged Fanum House in Leicester Square, had failed to provide for the accommodation of motor vehicles. The building is to have an underground car park and there will be a turntable enabling goods vehicles to drive in to the loading bay without turning in the street.

All the same, it seems a pity that a rather more “motorized”

building has not been created. The drive-in cinema, the drive-in church, the drive-in shop and even the drive-in bank have been introduced across the Atlantic. They are even more desirable in traffic-ridden London than they are there. It would have been a fine gesture and a useful experiment if the A.A. had made a drive-in reception department on the ground floor of their new building.

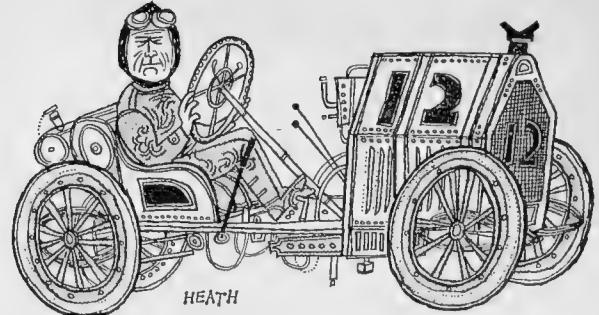
There will be, I am told, room for twenty-five A.A. service vehicles in the underground park; but it looks a little as if, when we call at the grand new Fanum House, we shall still be forced to take part in the game of dodging the policeman in order to find a place where the car can be left long enough to do the business concerned.

COASTERS beware, is the cautionary remark of the moment. One meets drivers who are obviously squeezing the greatest possible mileage out of every gallon of fuel consumed.

The objective of the driver who slips the gear lever into neutral—whether he switches off or not—is to go the greatest distance he can without having to apply power again to the rear wheels. He must therefore use every decline in order to build up the speed of his car to the highest figure and he must, if he can, avoid checking the car in any way during the run down.

But the very process tends to encourage people to keep the car going at all costs and that occasionally, I am sorry to say, means round blind corners. The tendency to hoard speed is such that the car is allowed to take the corner too fast simply in order to stretch the distance coasted.

When the driver who is allowing his car to coast comes upon a blind corner, he must make sure that he takes that corner no faster than he would do if power were still on and the normal driving technique in employment. The coasting car is and must be somewhat less completely under control than the car running under power; but, as I have said already on previous occasions, there is no real danger in coasting.



THE JAGUAR XK SS 170 m.p.h. sports car is developed from the “D” type model, famous for its successes in motor races. The car is for export only, costing 6,900 American dollars



THE 1957 GRAND PRIX of New Zealand at Ardmore, Auckland, was won by Reg Parnell (Ferrari). He is here with Peter Whitehead (Ferrari), Jack Brabham (Maserati) and Stan Jones (Maserati)

Rumour from Raymond

When Raymond is not attending
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of hair styling.

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hair-colour in new,
exciting ways.



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Stepney Causeway, London, E.1—or consult
your Solicitor.



THE TAY SALMON Rod fishing season opened on the River Tay in Perthshire last month. Miss Rae, manageress of the Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore, is seen launching the season in traditional style by nobly breaking a bottle of whisky on one of the boats

DINING OUT

On Monkey Island

THERE is no doubt that the average person who gets great pleasure in wining and dining well, and in good company, becomes very much a creature of habit.

In many cases this is not a bad thing. You find a restaurant or hotel you like; you start going there with regularity, and inevitably you get well looked after by the management and staff, who know your particular foibles and fancies and pander to them, which keeps your digestion in good order and bolsters up your ego.

On the other hand you may miss a lot of fun, adventure and experience if you overdo this sort of thing, a fact that was brought home to me very forcibly when quite unexpectedly I spent a night at the Monkey Island Hotel at Bray-on-Thames.

For many years I have used another very well-known hostelry in that neighbourhood, and always been happy there. I'd heard of the Monkey Island Hotel, but why bother? and anyway I think subconsciously Monkey Island conveyed Coney Island, pleasure boats, slot machines, probably a ticket collector on the bridge, and all that sort of thing, and that is how it was until Howard Naish asked me to join him there for dinner.

I asked him what the place was like and he in turn asked me if I had ever read *Coming Down The Seine* and *Sweet Thames Run Softly*. I explained that indeed I had, and that only recently the patron of the Hotel Roy at Aisey-sur-Seine in the Côte-d'Or and myself were talking about the author of these books, Robert Gibbings, who often stayed there.

To my surprise I then learnt that the hotel was owned, directed and worked by his son and daughter-in-law, Patrick Gibbings and his wife Diana, and that Patrick in person was the *maître chef de cuisine*. This was enough for me. I hate travelling back long distances in the dark after dinner so I telephoned: "Could I have a room for the night?" I could, and I am glad that I did, because I had a charming room with windows in all directions looking out over the Thames which was "running softly" all round the island.

Patrick turned himself into a chef because he likes good food and likes cooking it; it also solved the problem of having to employ an expensive professional chef and persuading said chef to live on an island. Anyway the food is excellent; for dinner at 12s. 6d. we had artichoke soup, fried scampi, Old English beefsteak, kidney and mushroom pudding and treacle tart—what more can you want?—the alternatives being jugged hare, roast chicken and roast pork.

I commented on the wine list which I thought comprehensive and very well chosen. They told me that they had Major Leonard Dennis, who is a director of a firm of noted wine merchants, to thank for this, and that they had been introduced to him by Charles Gardner, a director of the Hind's Head Hotel, only a mile away, who had gone out of his way to give them every possible assistance, help and advice when they decided they would like to buy Monkey Island and its hotel.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Pommes de terre

ONLY now, since the first of the year, have I found those lovely large oval potatoes, just asking to be baked in their jackets—though I may not have been lucky. Perhaps the best of all ways to enjoy them is to wash them well, dry, then rub the skins with a little butter. Bake the large potatoes for 1½ to 2 hours in a fairly hot oven (400 to 425 deg. F. Gas mark 6 to 7), according to their size. When they are baked, roll them in the palms of the hands (protected, of course) to soften the insides. Cut across in the middle of each and open it so that a generous lump of butter can be inserted. These are delicious.

Another way is to cut a third off the length of each baked potato and scoop out the inside and what clings to the piece cut off. Whip the "meat" with butter and grated cheese, return it to the shells and slip under the grill to brown.

Still another produces individual little potato-cheese soufflé-like affairs. Scoop out the baked potato as above. Place in a bowl and beat in a small walnut of butter and a good dessertspoon of grated cheese per potato. For each two potatoes, allow a whole egg. Beat the yolk into the mixture, add seasoning to taste, then fold in the stiffly-whipped egg white. Pile into the potato shells and bake for 25 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F. or gas mark 8).

Or, if liked, substitute a dessertspoon of chopped cooked ham for the cheese.

Then there is *Pommes de Terre Macaire*. The baked potato shells are not used here; we shall choose another dish in which they are. But, first, the Macaire potatoes: empty as many long slender baked potatoes as you require. Mash them with a fork, season well and work in 1½ oz. butter per pound of potato mash. Melt a little butter in a frying-pan, spread the potato on it and pat into a cake. Slowly bake until it is an appetizing brown on both sides.

NEXT day, perhaps, use the empty shells for *Fillets of Sole Otero*. Make a fish stock with the bones, head and skin of the sole. Place them in a pan with a small sherry glass of dry white wine, some mushroom stalks, a chopped shallot or onion, a small piece of bay leaf, a little parsley, a pinch of thyme, a tiny piece of lemon rind, a few grains of Cayenne pepper, salt to taste and water to cover. Put the lid on the pan and simmer for 20 minutes.

Strain into a buttered shallow pan. Fold 4 to 8 fillets of sole, according to the number required, place them in the pan, cover closely with butter paper and poach them just long enough for them to be barely opaque.

Meanwhile, in each of the potato shells, place a tablespoon of peeled shrimps. Reduce the fish stock a little. Now make a sauce this way: For up to 8 fillets, melt an ounce of butter and, in it, cook ½ oz. plain flour to the foamy stage. Remove from the heat and stir in about a teacup of the reduced stock. Return to the heat and stir while the sauce comes to the boil. Thin down a little with stock. Add a pinch of grated nutmeg and a tablespoon or so of thick cream. Spoon a little of this over the shrimps. To the remaining sauce, add a tablespoon each of grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese and stir over a low heat for a minute or so. Remove and stir in a small walnut of butter.

Place a folded fillet of sole in each potato shell. Spoon the remaining sauce over them. (It should come almost to the rim of the potatoes.) Sprinkle a little more cheese on top and slip under the grill to brown fairly slowly.

—Helen Burke



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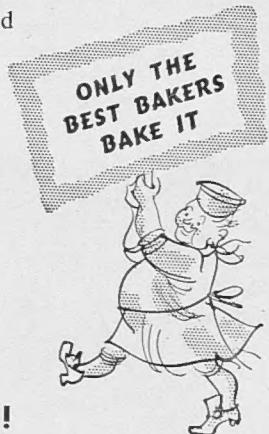
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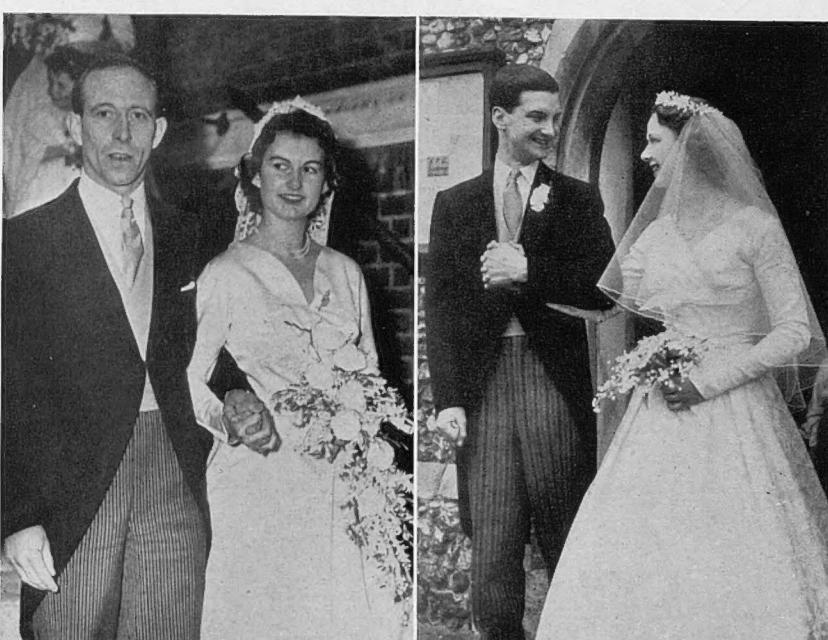
RECENTLY MARRIED



Grimm—Andreae. Mr. George Gascoyne Grimm, younger son of Mr. Stanley Grimm, R.P., R.O.I., and Mrs. Grimm, of Trafalgar Studios, Chelsea, married Miss Janet Frances Andreae, third daughter of Mr. Edward P. Andreae, Ph.D., and Mrs. Andreae, of Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey, at Tandridge

Chauncy—Bennison. Mr. Anthony Leslie Philip Chauncy, only son of Major F. C. L. Chauncy, O.B.E., and Mrs. Chauncy, of Ballygroman House, Ovens, Co. Cork, married Miss Susan Diana Bennison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bennison, of Kensington Square, W.8, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington

Edmonstone—Colville. Sir Archibald Bruce Charles Edmonstone, Bt., son of the late Sir Archibald Edmonstone, and of Lady Edmonstone, of Duntreath Castle, Blanefield, Stirling, married Miss Jane Colville, elder daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. E. C. Colville of Balfourmo House, Scone, at Holy Trinity, S.W.7



Jackson—Denham. Capt. Thomas Geoffrey Jackson, The Rifle Brigade, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. H. Jackson, of Ankerbold, Tupton, Chesterfield, married Miss Judith Margaret Denham, younger daughter of Capt. H. M. Denham, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Denham, of Cadogan Pl., at Holy Trinity, S.W.7

Begg—Barracough. Mr. John S. Begg, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Begg, of Tanglewood, Stoke Poges, recently married Miss Betty Barracough, only daughter of the late Major E. Barracough, and of Mrs. T. J. W. Kirkaldy, of Warley Mount, Brentwood, Essex, at Ingatestone Parish Church, Essex





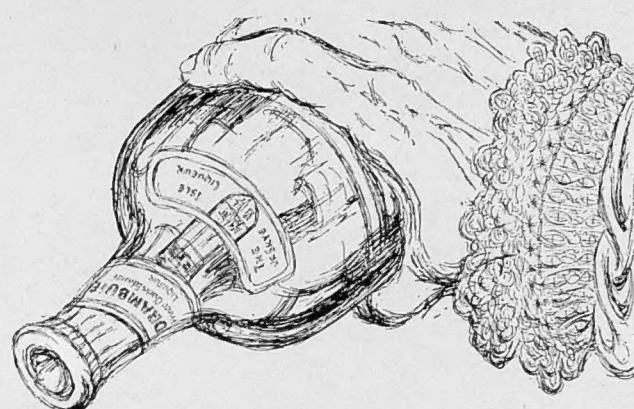
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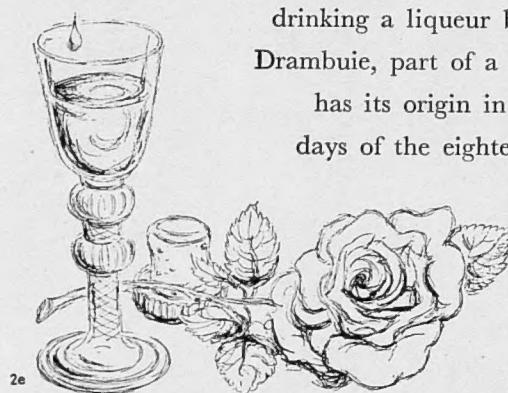
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